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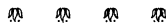
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the Farallones, a number of years ago. The defect in making the egg of the Vulture is that the specimen is slightly reflected in the glass-plate; this is still better marked in the case of the right hand Guillemot's egg, and it, too, is a little tilted to one side, while its background is not properly illuminated. All of these faults are pointed out so that the naturalist-photographer can both recognize and avoid them. In the case of the egg of the Pigeon Guillemot in the lower left-hand corner of this plate, I consider it quite perfect. By studying the photograph with a hand-lens, the structure of the very egg-shell can be observed; the specimen is properly lighted and poised; and it is of

the actual size of the original, and its most interesting surface is towards the observer.

The figures in Plate II (4-9) speak pretty well for themselves,—still the skimmers' eggs are just a bit too highly illumined on their left sides, and the middle one of the lower row has cast a slim shadow on the egg of the Chuck-will's-widow next to it. However, I much believe that this method will be of assistance to any one desiring to make good photographs of birds' eggs, and if this proves to be the case, neither the time nor the labor and material I have used in the production of this paper will have been in vain.



The Sierras in June

Long-loved haunts, again I greet your noble forest, ever green,
 Your snow-clad peaks, deep, dark canons, flowers, ferns and air serene,
 Your sequoias, incense cedars, graceful spruces, firs and pines
 Lift their heads much nearer heaven than the trees of other climes.

Countless lilacs and azaleas give the air their rich perfume,
 Pure, cold streams from lofty snow-fields chime with birds in joyous tune!
 Swift waters flow pass moss and fern, past saxifrage and columbine,
 We lure the trout where all things please; Sierra streams, rare charms are thine!

Where the river rushes madly, foams and frets to meet the tide,
 The Canon Wren whistles gladly in caves by the river's side.
 Unseen thrushes sing divinely in the densest, darkest shade,
 Ouzels sing and chase each other in and out of the cascade.

Happy birds! forgetting winter, you dread not what time may bring,
 Wise are they 'mid scenes like these, who feel that life is always spring.
 Dark clouds make the sun seem brighter, without clouds there is no rain,
 Souls are dwarfed by constant sunshine; too much sunshine shrinks the grain.

All the world is full of beauty when the heart is free from guile,
 If we look at nature kindly she returns a radiant smile,
 Here her smile is ever brightest—charming, care-dispelling smile,
 Here the heart is ever lightest, free from strife and trade's turmoil.

In the evening's varied shadows, in the canons dark and deep,
 Graceful, timid deer leave cover, rainbow trout for insects leap.
 Later when the thrush is silent, and the bright moon's searching light
 Contrasts strangely in the forest with the darkest shades of night

Owls shriek, perchance a panther's scream unnerves the wandering deer, stills
 Everything save sighing winds in moonlit tree-tops, noisy brooks and rills.
 Night and day, summer and winter, have grand features each its own,
 Rude tempests sweep o'er sleeping forms when the summer birds have flown.

Lyman Belding.

Stockton, Cal.